LOVE'S HEEDLESSNESS.

- I wrote a letter to my love, And all my passion told. I called her "Darling," "Sweetheart," "Dove," For distance made me bold.
- I vowed to her that sad and drear Would be my wretched life Unless she turned a friendly ear, And said she'd be my wife.
- I begged that she would let me know Without delay my fate. That was a month and more ago-Still anxiously I wait.
- How can my love so cruel be? How can she try me so? And her delay in answering me. Does it mean "Yes" or "No"!

I see beneath the lamp

- What's that? The bell? The postman's ring? "A letter, sir, for you." Ten thousand hallelujahs sing!
- My darling's heart is true! But no! What's this? "Your letter, sir."-
- The very note I wrote to her. And mailed without a stamp! -Somerville Journal

HUNTING THE COON.

A Spirit-Stirring Sport that is Out of Fashion.

The Two Sorts of Dog That Used to Be Used in New Jersey-Eminent Men Who Followed the Chase.

with less affectation and more snap. Hunters go from New Jersey to the wind-swept runways waiting for a of triumph, and the surprised and able prospector of the party. shot at the deer that never comes, or frightened coon knew that his nights tramp from morning till night through | were numbered. But it was different swampy swails and brambly thickets with the dog that gave tongue as he over years ago, and from which no hunter can return without pleasure and profit, goes begging on every side of the mellow bass of the deerhound, tes. The manner in which the opportunities offered by the hills and valleys of Northern New Jersey for the rarest of sport are neglected is enough to make the bones of the dead and gone lovers of the star-lit chase turn and rattle in their graves. The star-lit chase to which I refer was the coon hunt, at which confession, doubtless, every owner of a cake-fed setter and a hundred-and-fifty-dollar breech-loading shotgun from Tri-States Rock to Pahagmary Flats, will raise a shout of decision loud enough to scare every coon in weeks before his time. But why the coon hunt has fallen into such a disof those things which no fellow can find

Why the coon should be so despised by our sportsmen of to-day is a mystery. He is as cunning as the fox and more difficult to find. He should not be despised, surely, because he can be hunted only at night, for in threading the woods in the darkness, following logs that you can not see, and whose beying alone breaks the stillness, there is a most singular enchantment. Or, rather, there was such an enchantment, for the baving of the dogs is heard no more, not simply because the genuine coon hunt of our fathers is a lost art, but because the coon dog of our fathers is a species of animal that may truly be said to have become extinct. He was of no particular strain of blood, as I remember him, but he united the keen scent of the deerhound with the intelligence of the shepherd dog, and the tenacity of the bulldog with the stealth of the panther. With fewer accomplishments than these he could have well been fully equipped herd would have been safe in his keepmade himself a conspicuous object in any community as a highly successful forager on sheep pastures-but he never could have been a coon dog. To be that he needed not only scent but knowledge; not only tenacity but wilyness. For your coon is a cute and tricky customer. He is crammed to the muzzle with patience. He is wonderful in strategy, and a tactician peerless. Moreover, his trail is as cold as ice on a window pane, and almost as scentless as a snowball. He leads through tangled swamps and deep, stony hollows. He crosses and recrosses swift-running streams. He frisks around the tops of cough stone walls as silent and swift s a shadow. He stops within a dozen Leet of some convenient tree, clears the intervening space with a single bound, strikes the stem of the tree five or six feet from the ground, glides up to the longest branch, runs to its very extremity, and leaps a dozen feet beyond it to the ground again, thus breaking his trail abruptly on one side and beginning it as confusingly abrupt on the other. He invents tactics for emergencies, and brings to every consideration for his welfare and that of his family a large and uniformly level head. To

many trump cards as the wily schemer

he was after.

We had in those glorious days in this part of Jersey two kinds of trained coon dogs. There was one who hunted as There was another who followed the Shoshone Agency, in the northern porchase to music of his own making, and tiod of this Territory, not long ago, a was drawing nigh. There was something weird and uncanny in following the still dog in all the windings and turnings of the gloomy woods at night. He crept among tangled brush and deep ravines, climbed abrupt knolls, and worked his serpentine way down into deep hollows-turning, doubling, shifting, crossing and recrossing his track, stealthy as a twilight shadow. His As the trail of the unsuspecting coon What this country needs is sportsmen | became warmer, the noiseless pursuer grew still more cautious, until, the game in sight, he rushed upon it like and elevated and grew enthusiastic hound, floating down from the hills in cadenza by every willing echo, nor yet hopes of his life. swelling over the ridges, clear and farsounding as a bugle note, but a pleasant though staccato song of his own, of melody with business.

The baving coon dog always had a better nose that his close-mouthed brother, and he needed to have. The coon, smart as he was, never knew when the silent dog was on his track until it was too late to bring to his protection the many wiles and stratagems that he at once resorted to when the ery of the other dog rang out on his Sussex County into winter quarters six | trail. It was then that he maneuvered | The lode those specimens came from to throw false scents, and the brook and the bramble, the hill and the holrepute with the present generation of low, were all impressed in his service sportsmen, and why the ring-tailed in his race for life; and it was then that and cunning denizen of the hills and the baying coon dog of the old time hollows himself has come to be despised | came out strong. Step by step he unby them, must be set down in the list | ravelled the tangled and well-hidden challenge to the coon to do his best. until the hunted animal's repertory of his departure could be found, and when the dogs, so to speak, and climbed a plotters were forced to abandon the that particular coon had laid by for winter use would never be disturbed by ing his bay to a loud, quick bark. Then

Lying close on a leafless branch, his rolled-up body plainly outlined in moonlight, or less distinctly if the night is lit only by the stars, lies the cunning coon, outrun, his strategy useless, his tactics unavailing. A load of heavy shot will fetch him down. If he give the dogs a lively fight while it pressed to defend himself, that many a coon dog, with the best kind of an opinion of himself, has been mable to for the fox or deer trail; the lowing join in the chase for days after an en- grip of his horny fingers the buckskin have chatted enough. Shut your eyes, ag: he could have held his own in a the process of untreeing in first-class party of men went from the agency un- Bertie-How can I do three things at

The decline and fall of the coon hunt seems to date from the late war, when many other of the old-time sports and pastimes went out of fashion. The race of trained coon dogs gradually became extinct. There are coon dogs and coon hunters yet, to be sure, but (Wy. T.) Boomrang. the dogs are not the coon dogs of our fathers, and the hunters are generally shiftless, hand-to-mouth members of the community, who follow the calling not for wholesome and exciting sport but to obtain an important means of subsistence. I know some good citizens, sportsmen, who occasionally steal out of a crisp November evening, and That one small head could carry all he knew." follow a coon as best they can with the means at hand, but they would be ashamed to have it known!-N. Y. Sun.

-Cabel Scott, of Cathey's Creek. Tenn., died several months ago, and his wife told the members of the household that soon after the beginning of the war he placed money for safe-keeping in an old wheat house on the premises. The lady being old and infirm, little attention was paid her, but finally the family concluded to make the search to quiet her, and to their astonishment, they found buried in a barrel match the cunning, the skill and the of ashes in the old wheat house \$175 in almost human reasoning of this alert gold and \$45 in silver in a cow horn. the prowler, in a scientific and sports | and \$90 in a cloth. They are now manlike way, the old time coon dog looking for a tea-kettle which Mrs. came to the front, and the frigidity of Scott says is hidden filled with money they use at night to find the numbers the evening had to be exceedingly un- somewhere around the place.-Louiscomfortable when he failed to hold as ville Courier Journal.

LIFE AND WEALTH.

A Well-to-Do Miner Loses Both in an Effort to Find a Silver Deposit. Antelope Charley, a noted Indian silently as a ferret, and as relentlessly. hunter and trapper, brought into the

who let you know at every step that he human skull and a handfull of silver was getting there. There was mingled specimens almost pure in their characwith the spookish methods of the still ter. The ghastly relic and the bright hunter an element of greater certainty silver the Indian had found in a that you would get your coon than deep mountain gorge of the Owl Creek there was with the melodious system of Mountains, in the vicinity of those notthe dog that voiced his eagerness for ed local landmarks, the Washaku Needthe final fray; but the style of the latter les. The skull was lying with its kinput more tingle in your blood and filled | dred portions of a human skeleton, and you with a buoyant expectancy that the silver ore was contained in a moldseemed to lift you up and away from ering and rotten buckskin sack, yet the presence of every thing but the dog | held in the grasp of a bony hand. The and the coon, hidden in the depths of Indian lifted the sack from the hold of the forest shadows, but both there, and | the skeleton's fingers and it fell apart, both knowing that the supreme moment | the glittering ore rolling upon the ground amid the dry and bleaching bones. Antelope Charley gathered up the ore specimens, and taking the skull to verify his story, brought both, speculation in railroad securities. He skull and ore into the agency. The came to New York soon after the wat Indian's tale aroused the recollections of several old-timers at the agency, and has a legal practice of twenty thousand furnished the key to a half-forgotten dollars a year. -N. Y. Herald. mystery of the mountain frontier. In like the labyrinthine tracings of a ship's the spring of 1873 there appeared in place in the Parish Church of Cedars, course-silent as the night around him, the camp of a party of prospectors lo- near Montreal, the other morning, cated in the shadow of the Washaku when a widower, Charles Roy, was very silence brought him to the prize. Needles a man well equipped for pros- married to Mrs. Pilon, a widow, and pecing. He was a stranger and a the son of Mr. Roy married at the same German, and soon became known to time the daughter of Mrs. Pilon. the camp he joined as Dutch Joe. Like barren hills of Pennsylvania forty miles an avalanche, and the pent-up music of steady, and it was not long before Point, Ga., eloped with and married or more away, and stand all day on his soul went forth in one fearful how! Dutch Joe became the most indefatig- Miss Newsome, ten years his senior.

some for him to undertake; scaling into the well. -St. Louis Post. hunting the pheasant that fails to rise. hunted. He made the music in the precipices and descending into canwhile a sport that famous men loved | night-not the silvery treble of the fox- | yons, he searched the mountains far and wide for the glittering ore on the frosty air and drawn out in sweet | whose possession he had centered the

At last, late in the summer, he returned to camp one evening from one of his wild and rugged trips, wearing an elated look, and it soon became half bark, half bay, a cheerful mingling | buzzed around that Dutch Joe had struck it rich. Beyond a certain repressed triumph in his manner he was reticent. He was watched closely, however, and a prospector, dogging his steps from camp the day after his return, saw him take from his bosom a buckskin sack and pour it on a fair spot of soil a mass of silver specimens, whose brittleness and evident purity took the astonished watchman's breath away. must have been of fabulous richness. Dutch Joe was now watched closer than ever, with the intention of tracking him to the mountain treasure. But the successful prospector was wary and suspicious, and one day the spying camp found that he had cluded its interested scent, constantly sounded his wild vigilance and was gone. In vain he was searched for. Not even a trace of wiles was exhausted, and, accepting a few days afterwards a furious mounthe inevitable, he threw stratagem to tain snowstorm set in the disappointed tree. When this stage of the hunt was hunt and bid farewell to the hope of reached the dog knew that the nuts enriching themselves at Dutch Joe's expense. But Dutch Joe was never seen or heard of afterward. He and him, and he sent the hunter intelli- his mountain treasure had alike vangence to that effect by instantly chang- | ished. The next spring came around and brought neither Dutch Joe nor any the hunter picked his way to the spot. I tidings of him. The belief became general that he had perished in the mountain storm immediately following his disappearance, but the story of the lost prospector was long told around frontier camp-fires, with many speculations on the value of the silver treasure, of which he alone knew the locais not killed by that or the fall, he will | tion. And now, thirteen years after his disappearance, the discovery of the lasts, and so good a fighter is a coon, Shoshone hunter comes to confirm the really perished in that winter storm, and had kept with him to the last in the contest in the pit, or he could have trim for the subsequent proceedings. | der the guidance of Antelope Charley, ance, mamma?-N. Y. Ledger. and gave the bones of the lost discoverer of the treasure Christian burial. A strong effort will be made to find the rich silver deposit for the sake of whose riches Dutch Joe perished amid the

Connubial Sarcasm.

snows of the Owl Mountains. - Laramie

capital paraphrase to me of these two lines contained in Goldsmith's "Village Schoolmaster:" "And still they gazed, and still their wonder

Wife (sweetly, expecting a compli-

ment)-How so, my pet? Thusly, (edging toward the hole the carpenter left): "And still I gazed, and still my wonder grew,

That big '9' hoofs could wear a small '3' shoe," The piece of bric-a-brac that she grabbed from the mantel did not hit him, but it cracked a panel in the clos-

ing door as he vanished. - Siftings. -Slippers, to be cozy and comfortable, must be several sizes larger than | F. Mail. the boots a young man wears when he goes to see his best girl. This is a hint elippers. - Boston Post.

-Telegraph me: enger boys of Alon houses in the dark streets of the

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

-Mary Harper, a Cleveland servantgirl, has inherited two hundred and fifty thousand dollars from a relative in Philadelphia. - Cleveland Lender.

-Moses Von Dam, of Jersey City, who was rejected by Mary Brunn, made his will, bequeathing her twenty thousand dollars, and then committed suicide. - N. Y. Mail.

-George K. Remington, a leading citizen of Fall River, Mass., who recontly died, carried life-insurance policies amounting to over one hundred thousand dollars .- Boston Herald.

-Fred Douglass told the London Daily News not long ago that so far from the negroes dying out they are increasing. At the time of the abolition of slavery there were 4,000,000 of them, and he calculates that there are

-General Roger A. Pryor lately realized one hundred thousand dollars in a without a dollar in his pocket, and now

-A very interesting ceremony took

-Willie Hines, the seventeen-yearmost of his race he was industrious and old son of a well-to-do farmer at West In order to keep his father from follow-No distance was too long for him to | ing him the young man smashed the traverse, no mountain journey too lone- family carriage and threw the saddle

> Adams, of Boston, makes one public bequest of ten thousand dollars to the Adams Academy, Quincy, of which the grandfather of the deceased was the founder. The rest of the estate is equally divided among members of the family. - Boston Journal.

> Thorndyke Rice wore girl's clothes until he was sixteen years old. His mother, who had separated from her husband, thus dressed him for fear of his abduction by his father. At the age ing bifurcated garments.

> -The sons of Mrs. John Benner, of St. Louis, a few weeks ago spoke to her to give her on her ninety-first birthday. Although in good health, the old lady it will be a funeral." No attention was paid to this, but soon after Mrs. Benner began to fail, and just as she had predicted, on her ninety-first birthday her sons assembled at her funeral.-N.

-Thaddens Fowler, who died reently in Seymour, Conn., was a most prolific inventor. He invented a machine for sticking pins in paper, for manufacturing iron pins, for sorting pins, for making pins, head and all, at pointing wire, for making horseshoe invented a reaping and binding machine and the "sewing-bird" used on ladies' work tables. He had little busi-

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

-The boy that sprained his ankle has a very lame excuse for not attend--Passenger-That's all the money

have. Conductor-(examining trade dollar)-I can't take that piece. company then. - Tid-Bits. -Mamma-And now, Bertie, you

-A little Danbury girl, when asked by her mother about suspicious little bites in the sides of a dozen choice apples, answered: "Perhaps, mamma, they may have been frost-bitten, it was so cold last night."-Danbury.

-Mrs. Mulvaney-Arrah, Jamesy, phuy do yez put two thermoneyturs forninst the shtore? Shaunessy-Husband-Belle, your feet suggest a Be gobs, Missus Mulvaney, wan av them is to tell how hot it is, an' the other is to tell how cowld it is .- The Lambler.

What the people called him. -There was a young lady in Hassville Who said to her lover: "Alas, Will, You come every night

And you talk such a sight. That the people all call you my Gas Bill." -Detroit Free Press.

The girls at Vassar draw each other ato a corner and mysteriously in quire: "Do you know why Prof. Blank wears a plug hat?" "No; why is it?" "To cover his head of course! Then they te-he-he-and ho! ho! ho! and write home to ma that they passed

-Disgusted poet (whose manuscript has been rejected)-I don't believe thrown out to those who are making there is a single spark of literary fire. in the whole establishment. Editor (gently)-You err, my young friend. beny, N. Y., carry cark lanterns, which That blaze which you see flickering upon the isinglass of you stove is produced by burning manuscripts. - N. Y Independent.

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Notre Dame Sisters .- For Chest and Sore Throat. Govanstown, Md. We have used the Red Star Cough Cure,

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Loveland, Ohio, I have used your Red Star Cough Cure, and use it now whenever I have use for it. For ten years I was a slave to the optum habit, and did your Cough Cure contain opiates, I would not dare use it. This alone is positive proof that it is free from opiates. It is all you claim for it.

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TRUSEE'S SALE.

Whereas, Alfred Smith and W. R. Frankeberges, by their certain deed of trust dated the 19th day of February, 1873, and recorded in the recorders office of Petis county, at deed book 8, page 19, serveyed to the undersigned B. G Wilkerson, all their right, title, interest and estate in and -The New York Graphic says Allen to the following described real estate, situated in the county of Pettis, state of Missouri, viz: Lot four (4) in block one (1) in G. R. Smith's addition to the city of Sedalia, on the west. Which said conveyance was made in trust to secure the payment of a certain promissory note in said of sixteen he rebelled against the deed described. and whereas said tyranny of petticoats, and took to wear- note has become due and is unpaid, now therefore in accordance with the provisions of said deed of trest and at the request of the legal holder of said note I shall proceed to sell the above described real estate about the birthday dinner they meant at the court house door in the county of Pettis, state aforesaid, to the bighest bidder for eash, at public auction, on

said: "No, boys. Instead of a dinner | THURSDAY, THE THIRD DAY OF MARCH, 1837,

> between the hours of nine in the forenoon and five in the afternoon of that day, to satisfy said note, together with the cost and expense of executing this trust. B. G. WILKERSON, Trustee.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

Whereas William D Overocker by his

certain deed of trust dated the 13th day of March, 1877, and recorded in the recorder's office of Pettis county, at deed book 12, page 430, conveyed to the undersigned a single stroke; for making needles, for | trustee, all his right, title, interest and estate, in and to the following described real nails and for stamping metal. He also estate, situated in the county of Pettis, state of Missouri, viz: Beginning at a point 366 feet west of Missouri avenue in the south line of north Main street in the city of Seda'18, thence southwardly paralness ability and died poor .- Hartford | lel with Missouri avenue 115 feet, thence eastwardly rarallel with the Pacific railroad 40 feet, thence northwardly parallel with Missouri avenue 115 feet, thence westwardly 40 feet to the beginning which said conveyance was made in trust to secure the payment of two certain promissory n tes in said deed described, and whereas said notes have become due and are unpaid, now therefore, in accordance with the provisions of said deed of trust and at the request of of the legal holder of said fate of the lost prospector. He had Passenger-Ah, well, give it to the notes, I shall proceed to sell the above described real estate at court house door in the county of Pettis, state aioresaid, to the highest bidder for cash, at public auction,

and five in the afternoon of that day, to the county of Pettis, state aforesaid, to the satisfy said notes, together with the cost and expense of executing this trust. R. G. WILKERSON, Trustee.

Dated this 2nd day of Feb. 1-87 2 Swtd

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TRUSTEE'S SALE.

Whereas, Arch Swick, single, and Luinda Swick, widow of John B. Swick, deceased, by their certain deed of trust dated the 14th day of March, 1885, and recorded in the recorder's office of Pettis county, at Deed Book 42, page 65, conveyed to the undersigned trustee all their right, title, interest and estate, in and to the following described real estate, situated in the county of Pettis, state of Missouri, viz: The south half of the southwest quarter of section fourteen (14), township forty-four (44), and range twenty-one (21), which said conveyance was made in trust to secure the payment of one certain promissory note and the interest thereon in said deed described, and whereas the interest on said note has become due and is unpaid, now, therefore, in accordance with the provisions of said leed of trust, and at the request of the counter with one that had come out of sack, with its precious contents. A hold your tongue, and go to sleep. THURSDAY, THE 3d DAY OF MARCH legal holder of said note, I shall proceed to sell the above described real estate at the between the hours of nine in the forenoon court house door in the city of Sedalia, in highest bidder for cash, at public auc-

THURSDAY, THE 3d DAY OF MARCH,

A. D. 1887, between the hours of nine in the forenoon and five in the afternoon of that day, to satisfy said note, together with the cost and expense of executing this trust.

J. D. CRAWFORD, Trustee. Dated this 31st day of January, 1887.

The life and murderous crime of BILL FOX. one of the most noted criminals ever in the west, executed at Nevada, Mo., December 28. 1883, has been published in pamphlet form, illustrated. The book gives the full details of the trial of Fox for the murder of T. W. Howard ninety-eight per cent in Hoyle. - N. May 20, 1883, and the confession of his murder, implicating the woman, Mrs. Rose.

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